

BLUE GRASS BLADE

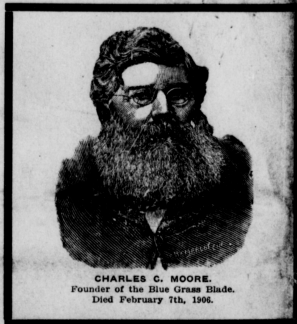
A. T. Barber
High and Ashland East Side

WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

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CHARLES C. MOORE.
Founder of the Blue Grass Blade.
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EDITORIAL

Ability is measured by deeds.

Horse sense is often developed by the spur of the moment.

Enthusiasm is one of the world's greatest forces and sincerity is the backbone of success.

Folly and failure are the best chums. The man who only thinks cuts himself off from other men.

Suggestions are often valuable but argument is more convincing. Accuracy is even more invaluable.

Never try to teach experience, because it is foolish for you to think you know more than your fellow men.

Stupidity covers more sins than the proverbial charity, hence we should not be too harsh or hasty in our judgment of some people.

A happy disposition must be natural or cultivated. It can't be bought or borrowed. Time spent in fruitless labor is time wasted.

Truth, Courage, Independence—the three cardinal virtues of manhood. These are the chief attributes of a glorious race, true, transcendent, synonymous, and yet not the same.

After two thousand years of Christ on earth his followers have not yet reached that stage of human altruism wherein they can tender to their neighbor the big end in a horse trade.

It is admitted that land, labor and capital are the three great factors in production. Then all should be equal in all things. When the capitalist is able to buy a scurvy duke for his daughter while labor is often on the verge of starvation it argues that capital is despoiling the other two factors.

One of our professional evangelists recently delivered a sermon in Lexington upon the subject of "God and the Fool," but we are of the opinion that both occupied the same platform at the same time, although he might have done better had he omitted the conjunction from the title of his subject.

Freethought would not blot from heaven one star of hope nor mock one earnest effort of mankind, but it bids the human heart to cease eating a glamor over the days that are dead. Remember that all the world's wealth cannot equal the splendor of the sunset sky beneath which the humblest can tread, nor can it rival the astral fire that flames at night's high-noon above the poorest hut. Age looks to the past. Bright youth ever turns its face to the untrodden future.

If one needed inspiration for more energetic labors in the cause of mental liberty, that inspiration could be drawn from the enthusiasm that characterized Freethinkers all over the country in the holding of Paine anniversary celebrations. Were there a Paine celebration would be held in every city, town and hamlet in our country every year. To him, more than any other one man, belongs the honor and credit of America's freedom.

Can the Christian not realize how ridiculous he pictures the God he worships by making him instruct a priest how he shall carve his pantaloons or sacrifice a pair of pigeons, then standing idly by with his hands under his coat-tails while some drunken duffer beats the head of his better half with a book jack, while some bronze brute rips the scalp from a smiling babe? If that is the kind of a hair-pin who occupies the throne of heaven Lucifer had sufficient justification for raising a revolution.

The Bible may furnish much of value concerning the history and traditions of the Jews, but it is unfit for general circulation, and should be kept from the hands of innocent childhood. It should be kept under lock and key with Don Juan and the Decameron. It is ransacked with revolting stories and darkened by the shadow of a savage superstition. Yet there are men who gulp down its contents like an anaconda absorbing an unwashed goat. It is a sad commentary upon the Christian religion that in a world where ignorance prevails and truth is hidden, the Bible has become the recognized correlative of education.

A subscriber asks us to explain the difference between an optimist and a pessimist. We can only reply that an optimist always points the small end of the telescope at the enemy, while the pessimist points the larger. The optimist is ever hopeful, partaking of the world's joys; the pessimist is ever sad at heart and finds not joy in anything. The optimist is the brass band at the head of the procession while the pessimist has come to the conclusion that the human race is rolling down hill to hell and is trying to hold it back by the coat tails. The optimist seeks and commends human virtues; the pessimist finds pleasure in hurling anathemas at vice. The optimist gazes upwards upon the stars; the pessimist is forever with his eyes fixed upon a cesspool.

By all the sacred bugs and beasts of Ancient Egypt what are our churches coming to? Starving people ask a Christian world for grub and it gives them forty-eleven different brands of saving grace. Hossannas are sent to the throne of grace from costly churches while a starving babe is tugging at the empty breast of a dead mother. Many bibles and hymn books are being sent to famine sufferers in heathen lands when beans and bacon would confer a greater blessing. From the standpoint of the modern church there is no longer a message from heaven, no God in Israel. The church is a mere social clearing house, an aesthetic forecourt to hell instead of the gateway to heaven. Hiring preachers who would get shipwrecked in the poetry of Shakespeare, or lost in the philosophy of one of his fools, pretend to interpret the plans of him whom we are told writes his words in flaming worlds upon the papyrus of immensity.

TWO GOOD PAMPHLETS.

We are pleased to note the activity shown by the Free Speech League, of New York, aent the outrage perpetrated upon Moses Harman, editor of Lucifer, embodied in a sentence of one year's imprisonment upon the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails, the confiscation and destruction, by force, of one edition of his paper.

As one who has been compelled to face similar dangers, The Blade can extend a feeling of sympathy and regret, sympathy for the suffering such a sentence must entail, and regret that the bigoted cohorts of a brutish creed can obtain even a temporary victory in this enlightened age.

The Free Speech League is now engaged in the distribution of two pamphlets which discuss the all-important subject from which its title is taken and they should receive a wide circulation. One is an open letter by Prof. T. B. Wakeman to the President of the United States, and the other is

upon Postal Censorship in America by Louis F. Post. Each contain an array of interesting data interestingly told. For copies and information address E. B. Foote, 120 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

Be there in all the wide world today, a man or woman possessing even a partial intelligence who can really believe that before Almighty God created the majestic universe and sent the mighty planets whirling about the blazing sun; that before the first star gleamed in the black, overarching firmament or a single mountain peak rose from the watery waste, he calmly sat him down and mapped out every act of moral man, decreed every war and pestilence, the rise and fall of every nation, the date of every birth and death? It may be excellent orthodoxy, but it is not good sense. Does it not accuse the creator of being responsible for all the sin and sorrow, the suffering and shame that since the dawn of history has bedewed the earth with blood and tears? This may be the "Divine Plan" about which the preachers gibe so much, but honest men must doubt it. Where Reason sits enthroned God has been compelled to abdicate. Reason needs no celestial guide, no heavenly monitor.

A FEW KIND WORDS.

Among the numerous kindly notices made of Editor Moore's death, none have gone deeper in our hearts than that by J. D. Shaw, in the last issue of The Searchlight. After mentioning the published facts connected with his death and funeral, The Searchlight, says:

"The patient resignation that characterized Mr. Moore's last days during which his suffering was extremely severe and the kindly spirit with which he treated every one, together with his firm adherence to the Liberal view of life and death made a deep and lasting impression upon his Christian neighbors, many of whom had expected him to recant at the last hour."

"All reports speak in beautiful terms of Mr. Moore's good moral life and of his helpful character as a neighbor; also of his love and affection for Mrs. Moore and their children, three sons and one daughter. To them The Searchlight offers sincere sympathy, hoping that time will alleviate the anguish of the present, leading them to find in the recollection of his devoted life a pleasure and satisfaction. Little removed from that of his presence in life, it will find him the storms of life have ceased and well will he rest in the embrace of mother earth."

PEOPLE THE WORLD NEEDS.

When the wheels of an intricate piece of machinery become clogged or interfered with, or out of place, the machine is seriously affected by the operation. So it is with society. If any part or portion becomes deranged the entire organization is affected thereby, more or less, some immediate, others remotely. The kind of the people the world most needs are:—

MEN who will put character above wealth; who will not lose their individuality in a crowd; who will be as honest in small things as in great things; whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires; who are true to their friends through good report and evil report, in adversity as well as prosperity; who do not believe that shrewdness and cunning are the best qualities for winning success.

WOMEN who are gentle, courteous and kind; who have not lost the ancient art of loving; in whom the material instincts are not dried up; who believe they have a higher destiny than a life of idleness and luxury; who will never speak uncharitably of the less fortunate of their sex; who consider it beneath their dignity to follow the dictates of the social set.

WHY WAR UPON CHINA?

Full weary of the "weak, piping times of peace" the American Eagle is spoiling for a fight with the Peacock of the Orient.

The pulse of those burning patriots who infest the national capital is again beating the reveille of war and their very souls are sounding the boots and saddles.

Why is it that we are on the verge of war with China? Why are the political bosses so eager for the bullet's mad hiss and the fearful crash of steel? Is human advancement to be born only of strife? Can only warring nations march in the van of the world's progress? Does a prolonged peace imply putrefaction? Is there a craze for blood, a lust for slaughter abroad in the land? Does it not appear as if the very stars are evil, and that Ate, raging hot from hell, hath planted her burning feet upon every brow? Can it be that here, in America, savagery is reasserting itself, and this professed land of Christ is drifting further and further from the Golden Age?

Suppose that America goes to war against China, what is the issue in controversy? Is some great human principle at stake? Has our flag been insulted or reproach cast upon our national honor? In what respect has China given such offense?

The trouble, dear reader, lies altogether with the meddlesome Mattie, who professes to be a Christian missionary. Although in a foreign land they are

unwilling to obey the laws of the country and strive to become, as it were, a law unto themselves. They toil not, neither do they spin, but they prey upon the people for their sustenance while demanding contributions from home. Unable to force their nostrums upon an unwilling people, they raise a—, appeal to one or other of the consuls, diplomatic notes are exchanged and unless apologies are forthcoming, h— is to pay.

Wherever the Christian religion has gone its foundations have been laid in human blood. From the very hour that Constantine committed a foul murder to more safely interrench himself upon the imperial throne, all down the centuries, with Charlemagne in his wars upon the Moors; through the Crusades; with its inception into Britain; its acceptance by the Huguenots; rivers of human blood have been poured in its behalf. Verily it is a bloody faith. It began with a blood offering in the death of its Man-God and its end will come through the shedding of blood. Ever consistent with its own intolerant spirit a cry for more blood is being sent to the throne of heavenly grace and the war-dogs of America are to be turned against the inoffensive Chinese.

What would the American people think and do if, in a spirit of religious missionary zeal, the Chinese should attempt the same methods and practices in this country as the Christian missionaries are practicing in China? They would not be tolerated for a single day. Have we not even denied the Chinaman the right of entry into our republic? Then why should we seek to force him to an acceptance of our religion, a religion that is foreign to his history, traditions and national honor? If we reflect but for a moment upon the subject we cannot fail to observe that of all religions on the earth, more suffering, more agony, greater atrocities, greater crime, have all been perpetrated in the name of the Christian religion than all the other religions combined. The God of hosts is still a man of war and the age of blood offering has not yet passed away.

Clearly we have no rights in China, except such as may be extended by the common consent of the people. Our missionaries are intruders who breed hatreds, shame and fraud. For years the Christian missionaries have robbed the Chinese without mercy and persecuted them without remorse. It is less than eight years since the allied Christian armies of the world marched upon Chinese soil, shot down Chinese people, and came near fighting among themselves over a division of the spoils. Now the Christian mercenaries are seeking to convert the land of Confucius into a seething, political Vesuvius to cast its lurid athwart a troubled sky.

Full the missionaries out of China and there will be no need for war. The Chinaman can never be won to civilization by holding a bayonet at his throat and reviving his religion.

ON THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Did you ever try to realize how many of your every-day actions, both mental and physical, are entirely involuntary and determined by some previous impression of habit?

Do you know that in the commonest things of life we are all slaves to habit, and such abject slaves that we do not even suspect our slavery?

Can you tell, without reflection, whether you habitually put on the right shoe or the left shoe first? Can you tell, on the instant, which of the two you have habitually taken off first all your life?

Again, for example, it might be as well for you to realize that you have been in the habit of using but one side of a certain street. Men and women who walk to their business every day for years will fall into favorite routes which they follow mechanically. The careful housewife must have her sugar-bowl in one certain spot on a certain shelf or the whole house seems out of order. The meal not ready will put some entire families into an ill-temper.

These are but few of the innumerable little habits that make up nine-tenths of what we call living. There is not an impression, an emotion, an opinion; there is not a resolution or an action possible to man that is not influenced by fixed conditions within ourselves forming a habit of every body or mind. You cannot say, do or think anything without leaving a definite mark on the nervous organism which more or less affects all succeeding action, speech or thought. Nerve, muscle and brain cells all grow to the modes in which they have been exercised. If you are not forming habits in one direction you are forming the main another, and all your activities are making channels in which your energy flows towards good or evil.

Depravity is not an inheritance. It is a character formed by persistent evil habits. Vices, which at first seem like cobwebs, at last become as cables. Habit works either way with equal force. A generous deed promotes a succession of generous deeds. Virtue sweetens life and will, if given encouragement, become a second nature.

It is useless to try to avoid forming habits. It cannot be done. Mere negative virtue is poor stuff, anyway. Better to fill your life full of good habits for they make character and character makes destiny. Bad habits are as chains holding us prisoners. Good habits are like a well made harness, enabling us to do our work well in the world without friction or waste of energy.

Dr. Wilson Discusses This Important Religious Issue With a Young Lady Questioner, Who Believes The Other way. Depends on How We Look At It.

Dr. Wilson, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Dear Sir:—I write you merely for a little information. I do not believe as you do, and assure you it is not for the sake of argument that I ask this question.

My understanding is that you believe there is no hereafter, and that Jesus Christ never came into the world, yet you think it is our duty to live upright and honest lives. Well, then, who set our example? There certainly must have been an example set, if not we would not understand the importance of living such lives. Now, I feel sure you can give a satisfactory answer to this, and that is why I ask it. You may deem it a very narrow question, and so it may be, yet unless we ask questions, but to believe and so hope to make any advancement; so hoping to hear from you, and thinking you in advance, I am,

Yours very respectfully,

REPLY:—If this good Christian girl keeps on asking questions, now that she has made a start, she will be a good Freethinker before long; for that is the way Freethinkers are made. The brightest questioners in the world are little children, they can make a preacher jump out of his boots and turn a theological sermon quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson."

But unfortunately the questioning instinct is early suppressed in most children, at which time they become moulded to the Christian superstition. They are taught not to question, but to accept—not to think and reason for themselves, but to believe and so they grow up, never questioning, thinking, reasoning, comparing, weighing, but instead trusting, believing and obeying some one else; and this is the reason that Christians, and remain Christians all their lives, believing at seventy-five the same as they believed at seven.

The facts are that no Christian, implicitly attached to his faith, is ever at any period of his life as wise as when he was a child. He has been a questioner, as he was at the age of four, five or six, before the effects of which, all questioning and investigation, inimical to Christianity is crushed out of the mind.

Now and then, suppose a person, like this young lady, who has not entirely lost her child habit of questioning. Christianity has not quite squelched her desire to know, and to demand a reason for things. She evidently believes that Jesus was sent by God to be a moral example for men to shape their lives thereby. Her only reason for believing this is because it has been taught to her. She would have believed in Jesus of Nazareth, of Mohammed, if she had lived in oriental countries, and their doctrines likewise inculcated into her infant understanding. Under the same training and exclusion, she could have been made to believe in George Washington was the Savior of Men, and the Divine Example for humanity. Different training could have made her a Jew, or Catholic, or Mormon, or Deist, or a Holy Roller, and she would have been just as firm and convinced in her belief of either of these, as in her Protestant faith. Maybe now, she will be able to perceive that her present belief is the result of accident of birth, and imposition, on her early understanding, which suppressed the questioning and reasoning instinct.

But it was not entirely suppressed. A gleam of reason remains, and so she comes to me, a Freethinker, and asks me a very important question—One believed by many millions of other heads than hers, and she says that she feels sure that I can answer it to her satisfaction, and I think I can.

I wrote her telling her that I would omit her name, as I felt that she would like it to be printed in this wicked paper—(wicked because it searches out the truth and expresses error); and that I would print her letter in the Blade and there reply, as I felt that many other Christians, like herself would like to read the reply I shall make to this question: "Was Jesus a Divine Example for Men?"

I am going to forget the wise old heads who read this paper, and who can answer this question as well or better than myself. I am going to put aside all big speech, and come right down to simple and plain illustration, such as should be used in replying to one who is just beginning to think for herself. I appreciate that this young lady's present belief is satisfactory and dear to her—at least she imagines that it is. She imagines so because her infant mind was imposed upon, and she didn't know any better.

In this reflection upon her reasoning

powers. I cordially do not mean any offense. Thousands of great minds along other special lines of thought, believe just as blindly as she does, simply because they have never questioned. It is no criterion to say that because a certain great lawyer, or some man eminent as a banker or statesman or financier, believes in Christ, therefore I must be right. Not a bit of it. They, like you, have never questioned.

If they had applied the same reasoning powers to their faith as to their business, it is very doubtful if they would have continued to believe it. The majority of business men are wise only in their business. Take them on abstract and philosophical questions, they are generally as ignorant as a last year's bird's nest. Nearly every believer is wiser in everything else than in his religion. Even the preacher who implicitly believes is necessarily ignorant religiously. A man may be away up on the languages, or gifted in other special departments of learning, yet remain simply a child on religious matters.

So I am sure that this young lady will not feel offended, when I say that the question she has put to me indicates that she is not accustomed to giving her thinker a healthy normal exercise. But from the very fact that she has so pleasantly asked the question, I am sure that with a little stimulation, she will set her thinker to working, and in time know the joy of being the proud possessor of her own brain.

Now as to the question, "Who was our example?" or in other words, was not an example of what we ought to be, necessary for man, and was not Jesus Christ that example? For a general reply, I will say,

"It is altogether the Way People Look At It!"

Millions of good people—people generally intelligent on most subjects except religion, look upon Jesus Christ as the divine example and savior of men. To them, he is all that a human being should be, mentally, morally, physically and spiritually. The fact he is regarded as their savior, their redeemer, and guide to eternal happiness.

On the other hand there are millions of good people, hundreds of millions of good people, who regard Jesus as a Christian faith—besides Jews, Mohammedans, Hindus, Chinese and who are just as wise and good as we, who do not accept him either as a moral or divine example for all men. So you see, it is altogether as people look at it, or as to nationality, climate, and as they are trained to believe. By far the great majority of human beings do not accept Jesus as setting the example for men and right in Christian countries, it is remarkable that the most scholarly, scientific and progressive people reject Christ as setting the example for their modes of thought, and manner of morals, while many even dispute the existence of such a being.

In this country there are 80,000,000 people. Of these there are only 27,000,000 named in the church books, according to the numbers given in this list is greatly padded. The churches carry the names of immense number of dead people, and to those who have long become indifferent to the religion of the church, and consequently the number of bona-fide are not more than 20,000,000, or one in five of our population. Young ladies' attention to the fact, that those who regard Jesus as an example are growing fewer and fewer all the time.

If God intended Jesus as an example and guide for all men, why did he not shape human brains, and plant in them the instinct to reverence and accept him? Why all the Christian wars, crusades, inquisitions, tortures, and massacres as the result of disputation over him? Why the drift at the present time of intellectual, learned and scientific people away from Christ? Why is it that each age inclines more and more to take its examples from the living men of the same age? Why is it that Christians have to work and strive incessantly to get people to accept Christ as an example?

If this young lady will stop a moment to think, she will observe, that nature in producing an infinite diversity of minds, has herself, rendered it impossible that they should unite on belief in any one kind of government, or religion, or upon any one man or character, or intelligence as an example and guide. Tastes, ideas, examples, and every other attribute are as diverse as the infinite variety of mind. Why would God send Jesus as an example for men, and so diversify the minds of men, that the great majority would refuse to accept him as an example? This certainly reveals a very poor judgment on the part of

Now, before I go further into the subject of Christ as an example for

men, I want to show the young lady how very many examples there are set before us by the public characters of our own time, and how some people refuse to even respect the beliefs, doctrines, and men, that others almost deify.

On matters of politics, men disagree and divide into parties. They put up leaders, each class defying its candidate, they whoop and hurrah for him, as the ideal representative and example of truth, virtue, wisdom and statesmanship, while the other side revile him, and impute everything dishonorable to him. Both sides desire to be honest, however they mistake honesty for prejudice. After all it is just the way the people look at it.

The same differences are seen to exist in religious beliefs. Even the multitude and creeds, which accept Christ as an example differ, divide, dispute, hate and revile each other—and in just ages past have ended in death. They were all honest in their prejudices, so you see that after all it is just the way they looked at it.

After all you see how men incline to magnify the importance of those whom they set up as leaders and examples—especially if they be religious examples. But never yet was there a god or savior, or statesman, or moral philosopher, but mankind has been divided as to his wisdom, merits and virtues.

Let us take President Roosevelt. Choose him, not from any prejudice, but simply because he is mostly in the public eye at this time. There are millions of good people who regard him as our most exemplary citizen, and our greatest example. They would follow him, right or wrong. They want no better example of a man. There are those who place him above Christ. They think that he has done things that Christ has not done above men, and they are honest in their opinions. Well, it is altogether as people look at it.

On the other hand, there are millions who regard him as only a weak politician, originating nothing, but one who cautiously tries his sails to the prevailing sentiment. Many regard him as a dangerous man, and fear he will lead the nation into trouble. They look ominously upon his meddling with European affairs. Just now a call is being made to increase our army to 100,000 men. They say that he takes a lot, and does nothing—that he is the Emperor William, and is a seal of with Congress. He is a man with having a knowledge of how his corrupt campaign fund was raised, and take no stock in his talk about good citizenship, and the purity of the ballot. So again we perceive that it is altogether how people look at it.

Take him as a "hero."—It is the opinion of millions that he is one of the great heroic characters of the country—that his fight at the terrible battle of El Caney immortalized him. It is a personal courage, setting the example by manhood by millions of admirers. He has even been known to have attacked and killed a bear with a knife. Well, it is altogether as people look at it.

Again there are millions who regard his display of the hero, as only political buncombe. They compare El Caney with Gettysburg and Muden, where there were 35,000 killed and wounded on one side, and say that El Caney was only a little skirmish, and that it would be impossible to manufacture a great military hero.

In this battle there were 280 killed and wounded on our side, 199 of which were negroes whose regiment rode up the hill, and who bore the burden of the fight and got no credit for it. Roosevelt, behind the negroes, shouts—"Come on boys," and gets the credit for the whole thing—while in reality we wouldn't be dignified as so much as a sharp skirmish, by our old soldiers of the Civil War; and it is charged that the bear he killed was only a young pet bear. So again you perceive that as a hero, it is altogether as people look at it. Millions of people believe everything said about Roosevelt, just as they believe everything told them about Christ. I make these comparisons that the young lady may better comprehend human nature, and see how unsettled and undecided human nature is in determining example.

Take for instance the principle of gallantry. What some people would regard as an example of gallantry to Roosevelt, is to many regarded by others as pretense, buncombe, or snobbery. When President Roosevelt was making his recent Southern trip, he held the train at Atlanta for ten minutes, that he might be able to shake hands with a man coming up away down along the line of people who were passing and shaking hands with him. When the fine young lady reached him, he received her most graciously, and told her that she was the most beautiful girl he had seen in the South. This made the girl famous in a day. The papers all over the country printed her picture and gave her history. Column after column was devoted to this act of gallantry. President Roosevelt. Millions of admirers regarded it as a most gallant

thing, and praised him for it. Well, it is all the way people look at it. I will compare this act of "gallantry" with that of a friend of mine, who is not in the public eye. When we were young fellows we taught school on such up in Indiana County, Pa. He went to Miraska, away out on the border, and took up a claim of 160 acres and taught school. The majority of the people lived in dug-outs or shacks, but here and there were little frame cottages of three or four rooms. A farmer, a little bit more well to do than the others, had built a house of six rooms, whose aristocratic proportions made it to be regarded as a wonder. As was customary on the border, the whole neighborhood was invited to the house warming. One night was given to the young folks, and another night to the old folks. This friend of mine, the teacher, knew all the families among the young ladies was regarded as the best "catch" in the neighborhood. In choosing his company for that night, he concluded that he would ask the poorest girl in the place. A family had lately moved in, who had not yet become acquainted to any great extent. They had erected the poorest kind of a shack, in which they were existing. He decided on taking the daughter of the poorest family in the place, and presented the invitation in person. The daughter looked at the mother, and the mother at the daughter, then together went outside and she conferred. Remembering the mother told him, that they both appreciated his courtesy, all the more as they were strangers, and that her daughter desired greatly to go, but since the only dress she had was the one she had on, and was badly soiled, she felt that she would not correspond with the company, and would not be a credit to him as a companion and for these reasons, they regretted that they would have to decline.

Oh! a little think like that," said my friend, needn't keep her from going. I've been one here longer than you have, and I'll tell you what to do. The party will be tomorrow night. Just send the girl to bed, until the next day, and press the dress, and it'll be all right;—and to make a long story short, his plan was adopted, and he took the girl.

Now that was what I call "gallantry." To my mind there was nothing more gallant than a train for ten minutes to take a beautiful girl away down along the line that she was the most beautiful woman in the South. Ten to one it made a fool of the girl. She had been me, I would have selected her. I would have given her a dress, or an old crumpled confederate veteran, and said to them, "the while she is blowing for me, but I just waited till you come up." Its hardly likely that the papers would have given me the one-tenth the praise for gallantry, that it gave Roosevelt for nothing and complimenting a fine looking young lady of one of the old aristocratic families in holding up a train for ten minutes to take a beautiful girl away down along the line that she was the most beautiful woman in the South.

Ten to one it made a fool of the girl. She had been me, I would have selected her. I would have given her a dress, or an old crumpled confederate veteran, and said to them, "the while she is blowing for me, but I just waited till you come up." Its hardly likely that the papers would have given me the one-tenth the praise for gallantry, that it gave Roosevelt for nothing and complimenting a fine looking young lady of one of the old aristocratic families in holding up a train for ten minutes to take a beautiful girl away down along the line that she was the most beautiful woman in the South.

Millions regard Christ as perfect in everything—which includes "gallantry;" yet he permitted a poor prostitute to kiss him, still a woman capable of great love, and who, evidently was infatuated with him, and who followed him from place to place, he permitted this poor creature to wash his feet and wipe them with her hair. He permitted the millions of good people to think this was all right because Christ did it. They would be quick to resent the imputation that it lacked gallantry. But it would be hard today to find a man. Well, the persons of this land, who would permit any woman, no matter who she may be, to do that thing.

Again, Jesus when on the cross, said to his mother who was crying her eyes out, "Woman what have I to do with thee?" Was that a gallant thing for a son to do? But what else would you expect, by way of example, of a man who would permit a poor degraded, trusting infatuated creature to wipe his feet with the hair of her head?

Had it been me, I would have said, "Don't cry, Mother dear! Oh, how I love you! How I thank you for my birth, and all your loving tenderness towards me." "Thank you," said I, and your beautiful love help me bear my pains. They will soon be over, and we will soon again be together, in Paradise. So, don't cry Mother, dear!"

Is this what I would do; yet there are millions of good people who believe that Jesus said exactly the right thing to his mother, and preachers squirm out one explanation after another to soften down or excuse those words of Jesus to his mother. So, again, as I have said a few times before, it is altogether the way people look at things.

I want to get right close home on this subject, and since I have said so much about it, I believe that I can best serve my purpose by discuss-

ing young ladies, and draw some examples from them. I will take up the young lady most in the public eye just at this time, Miss Roosevelt, now Mrs. Longworth. I will discuss her as I would any other girl, and without the least prejudice on my mind. There are now there are millions of good people who think that Miss Roosevelt is one of the most remarkable and talented of girls. She has been idolized. Royalty has bowed to her, and her lap has been filled with precious treasures. She has been called "Princess Alice," and while not a princess in fact, she is worthy to be one. So millions think. Well, as I have said, I will take up the young lady most in the public eye just at this time, Miss Roosevelt, now Mrs. Longworth. I will discuss her as I would any other girl, and without the least prejudice on my mind. There are now there are millions of good people who think that Miss Roosevelt is one of the most remarkable and talented of girls. She has been idolized. 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THE BLADE'S LETTER BOX

To insure publication of your letters in this column, correspondents must observe the following rules:

Write only on one side of the paper. Put your communications in a plain, legible hand.

Address them to "Editor Blade." Condense your letter to about 200 words. If they are too long they stand a good chance of finding the waste basket. There are many others who like to see their letters in print, too long, we cannot publish them.

Mrs. W. J. Minor—Your communications were too long for publication. It contained over 5,000 words and that would occupy more space than we have to spare. We will gladly publish your communications if you will comply with the rules given above.

J. J. Swabe—The greater part of your letter is inappropos and as the death of our late editor took place during one of your resting periods from writing that portion relative to Mr. Moore's death is given in this column.

Henry Barber—The article you submit is not suited to the Blade's columns.

W. Coleridge—All the politics of which we boast is contained in the platform of the National Liberal Party. Walter Troutman—The suggestion to publish a memorial pamphlet on the late C. C. Moore is a good one and we are considering it.

I. M. Miller—While setting the type on your letter, portions of the manuscript got mislaid and it was impossible to print the portion spelling the connection of the article. Better luck next time.

P. J. Heffner—Thanks for the clippings. They may come in useful for editorial comment.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry—We heartily appreciate your commendatory letter on the appearance of The Blade. If our friends will stick to The Blade we intend to make still further improvements.

W. J. Smith—Green's Short History of England is what you are probably looking for. See your bookseller.

Charles Joyce—Judge Watts Parker, who delivered the opinion on the trial of Editor Moore for blasphemy, to which you refer, is a resident of Lexington, and is still the Circuit Judge of this county.

PURPOSE OF ETHAN ALLAN'S STATEMENT TO DAUGHTER

Marshall, Ill., Feb. 7, 1906.
Editor Blade:—

In reply to the question asked by T. J. Minor in regard to what Ethan Allan said to his daughter when she was dying, we know it is hard to get at the truth.

Infidels in most instances are misquoted, or else their own construction is put upon their utterances. Ethan Allen at the time he made his bold entrance into Fort Ticonderoga and demanded its immediate and unconditional surrender used the expression, "In the name of the Great Jehovah."

Some are wont to construe this expression into a belief in God, yet this can be no evidence of such a belief.

He may have said it for effect. We know that superstitious persons can be awed more easily by appealing to Jehovah.

Allan may have been witty enough at the proper time to say what he did for this purpose. I am inclined to think that it was simply the force of habit and the impulse of the moment that provoked the expression.

Infidels and Christians alike, often use some name of deity both of the above ways, but it is more probable that Jehovah was Allen's by-word.

If his daughter did ask him on her death-bed whose religion she should take, his or her mother's, and if his answer was that he had never been a reason why the clergy should claim that he renounced infidelity.

Women as a rule, with few exceptions, cling most tenaciously to the idea of immortality, and a hope in Christ.

And since probably that was his daughter's hope, Ethan Allen did not at that solemn hour want to deprive her of a single hope that might mar her peace of mind.

Religion is a matter of belief. Her belief to doubt, brought her more or less happiness, while the Atheist's belief does the same for him.

Allen was a human, a man, a father and at that last hour advised her to accept her mother's religion because she believed it, and because he loved her too greatly to disrespect her opinions at that trying hour.

During his long and useful life, he was the most conspicuous personage of his state, and if there had ever been anything escaped his lips to give the least grounds for his wavering from Atheism, the clergy would have writ-

ten and spoken volumes to establish that fact long ago.

Any man with human emotions and understanding, can see why Allen answered as he did his dying daughter.

What father would have done otherwise under similar circumstances?

My honest opinion is that no such conversation took place as related to Allen and his daughter, yet there may have been a very few infidels die, but what some story is concocted about their recanting.

J. H. SCHWARTZ.
P. S.—If you can't use this consign it to the flames.

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

Mishicot, Wis.
To James Hughes (Editor).
Worthy Friend—I have just received my copy of the Blade containing Dr. Wilson's address at the funeral of C. C. Moore, also his reply to letters of sympathy he received in his late sad sorrow and Mrs. Josephine K. Henry's address and so on. I want to keep this copy right close at hand and read over and over the beautiful passages contained therein.

Enclosed find 50 cents for a bundle of this copy as I want to distribute it. Why not publish a small little book in C. C. Moore's memory, his name in full on the cover and a likeness of him on first page. Then let it contain some favorite sayings, doings, jokes and so on. Everything that would seem appropriate to put in. I would love to have one. Say worth about \$1.00. It would be within the reach of every liberal minded person and would serve as an ornament to be proud of in any of our homes. And in coming friends would wonder and marvel at the beauties of our religion. Most people don't dare touch such literature, but once the book were opened would certainly be read with interest.

I am a married woman, have a happy home and the proud owner of 3 lovely children. My oldest girl is 10 and has frequently asked me why we do not go to any church or "Mama to which church do you belong?" I tell her "Belle, you belong to all churches. Any time you feel like it, you may go to church. Try to get all the good in the sermon, a different one each Sunday, if you wish. Never let shade of color or creed prevent you from going to church. Tell them you belong to them all."

I am proud of my religion. I have never gone to church but would not exchange my conscience for the best catholics or any things else we have not here. I am convinced enough to say my father most equalled C. C. Moore.

When but mere children, there were eleven of us, we would wonder at his kindness, patience, and unselfishness. I had heard the remark made when a little girl that Jesus Christ wandered on our earth, that he was a good man, and taught to be a good man, and that he could ever be his equal. Well I remember distinctly when but about 8 years old I was singing a little, simple song at our organ and pa was in his favorite arm chair reading the word, "I mean my story, my pa." I said, "I heard the story of Christ's life today and I've thought and thought and in this whole wide world of ours nobody could be better than you are. You never die. All honor to C. C. Moore. I am an infidel and have been most of my life. I am a firm believer in doing good and equity between man and woman. Belief can be of no good without works."

I am very sorry for Mr. Wilson and family, for the loss of their only child. Mr. Wilson writes my ideas on most all questions especially religion and politics, he has my best wishes and respect. I want his Rome book and Dog Penel, as soon as I can raise the price.

Respectfully,
MRS. TERRENS.

A SPIRITUALIST'S IDEA OF EDITOR MOORE'S DEATH.

The Blade has just come into the house and as I open it, I see in large type that C. C. Moore has passed on into the better life, and I am safe in saying no man will be, or has been more missed and mourned than C. C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade fame. He has given his life and great intellect for the betterment of humanity and the freedom of the soul from the ignorant superstitions of Christianity. I want to say to his wife and children that their father, C. C. Moore, died his eyes on this life, and great intellect just within the "thin veil between us," the first one to grow him was that little curly headed girl that so long ago, parted the veil and entered into this greater life, she was his consolation in her own, and together they will sit seeing, the only thing to be regretted is, that C. C. Moore cannot come back and write a book of what he saw.

KEEP THE BLADE GOING.

James E. Hughes,
Dear Jim—I was greatly shocked

to hear of the death of Mr. Moore, I feel it keenly, with his loss, we lose the greatest leader of Free thought in the United States, I am also exceedingly sorry I could not attend his funeral, from the fact, I am, myself sick and so far from the rail-road, I fear to venture out. Hope you will have in the Blade complete details of the funeral. The Blade must go on, and for Mr. Moore's death will be a great setback to the paper. Keep it going if you can.

With best wishes, I am,
J. W. OVERSTREET.

SYMPATHY AND CHEER.

Ottawa, Kansas.
Here's to the memory of a brave, fearless defender of mental freedom as he saw it. He tried to live his life honestly, and who shall say he did not live it well. If he did not bow to the line all the time, he kept on hewing at the log that yet needs such straightening. Let us all see if we can do as well.

With best sympathy for those at home,
J. N. LEE.

WE MUST ALL GO.

Pontiac, Ill., Feb. 25, 1906.
To the Blue Grass Blade.
C. C. Moore has bid us good bye. That is where lots of us must go sooner or later. It is a pity. We ought to have more honest preachers. The preachers went out as long as they can make money and a fat living. They know there never was a Virgin Mother, a Virgin cannot be a Mother. It is contrary to Nature. The women are the support of the preacher.

JOHN S. HOLMAN.

NONE TO FILL HIS PLACE.

Abingdon, Illinois.
Mr. James E. Hughes,
I was very sorry to hear of the death of Editor Moore, as no one can fill his place for me, in the columns of the Blade, and I wish to extend the sympathy of myself and family to his wife and children.

Very respectfully,
GEO. N. PEARBODY.

Paragould, Arkansas.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 25 cents to pay for extra copies of the Blue Grass Blade of February 18, 1906. I will try to place them where they will do the most good, and by so doing, probably help the paper. I want the Blade to keep coming. I have been coming to me for ten or twelve years and I don't see how I can do without it. I was very sorry to hear of Mr. Moore's death, it was like losing a near kinsman. I was lost to lose Ingersoll, but I believe it hurt me worse when he died to give up our old leader, G. C. Moore.

T. W. NISBITTER.

SYMPATHY EXTENDED.

Blue Grass Blade, Fargo, Oklahoma.
I do not want to be without the Blade, keep it "bladed" sharp now for the field is ripe. I don't get the last Blade stating Mr. Moore's death, I heard of it from one of my neighbors.

I am very sorry, to hear that Mr. Moore is no more. We need him yet. His life must have been strenuous with so much ignorance and superstition to battle with. But his mark was made and the benefit of his labors has not been for naught. His comments on the Bible were well founded and I considered him sound when discussing the Bible. His works will never die. All honor to C. C. Moore. I am an infidel and have been most of my life. I am a firm believer in doing good and equity between man and woman. Belief can be of no good without works.

I am very sorry for Mr. Wilson and family, for the loss of their only child. Mr. Wilson writes my ideas on most all questions especially religion and politics, he has my best wishes and respect. I want his Rome book and Dog Penel, as soon as I can raise the price.

Respectfully,
IRVING HIATT.

TRIBUTE TO OUR LATE EDITOR.

Justice is the Virtue of Considering Every Man, His Due.

A benefactor of the race has passed to the silent majority. Mr. Moore excelled in the way and wherefore of things with observation and touch of his subjects with indefatigable diligence. His mind was formed by research, of a comprehension observation and minute attention. The simulations and contradictions of the Bible were by him as being unworthy of the reverence of man.

He was unquestionably one of the most devoted to the cause of Free thought in this century. A man who was fined for catching eels on Sunday, another was fined twenty shillings for sailing a boat on the Lord's day. In Plymouth a man was sharply whipped for shooting fowls on Sunday. Another was fined for carrying a crop of corn home on the Lord's day. And the Miller who allowed him to take it was also fined. Elizabeth Eddy of the

conditions of man, his work was not in vain. His researches into pagan mythology have resulted in an accumulation of facts and figures, of proof that the Christian religion in all its forms, doctrines and precepts, is nothing but an outgrowth of previously existing forms. His work strenuously maintains and most convincingly demonstrates the integrity and now, as of no more, it is the duty of all lovers of Mental Liberty to sing praises to his memory and weave amaranthine leaves about his last resting place till the stars no longer shine and the glittering beams of brilliant sun goes down behind the western hills forever.

B. F. FENTON.

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER.

Aledo, Texas, Feb. 17, 1906.
Mr. James E. Hughes,
Brother Hughes—Just received the Blade announcing the death of our Dear Mr. Moore. Very sorry indeed to hear this sad news only knew Mr. Moore through reading the Blade, "Dog Penel," and "Island the Harp," but that was sufficient to make me love him very much. I think he was a great and good man, and we will all miss him, especially do I sympathize with the family.

Am enclosing herewith 3 dimes (30 cents), please send me copies of Blade containing funeral services, viz: Dr. Wilson's, Mrs. Henry's, and Moses Kaufman's addresses at Mr. Moore's funeral.

Hoping you will continue publishing the Blade and that it will prove a success, I am,
Sincerely yours,
T. J. COLLINS.

BLUE LAWS OF NEW ENGLAND.

CORRELATION OF STATISTICAL DATED SHOWING THE POWER OF THE CHURCH IN VALUED TIME.

(By E. Lewis, Pasadena, Cal.)

Editor Blade:—The laws we here quote, justify the assertion, and the records of the courts prove it beyond question.

These courts had wide latitude in punishing offences against religion and Puritan morality, and written statutes were not necessary in order to fine, whip, and imprison those who deviated from the Puritan standard of conduct.

The actual statutes of Connecticut were as blue as anything the Rev. Samuel Peters could imagine, and it is only that the people were unacquainted with these laws that they were aroused when Mr. Peters paraded them. There was then awakened in the minds of readers undisciplined in the use of the law, a desire to meet them, and much indignation and condemnation has been wasted upon a set of laws which never existed, while most tyrannical statutes which were real have gone unnoticed and unopposed.

Three of the most famous of the pretended statutes which Mr. Peters quoted were these:

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or trim nails on a Sunday.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath day.

No one shall ride on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from need, yet all these rules had all the effect of legal enactments. As to the first, the Puritans from sunset on Saturday until Sunday night, would not shave, have rooms swept, nor wash, nor trim their hair, nor use cooking utensils and tables were washed.

Men in large numbers were fined for walking and riding unnecessarily on Sunday, and for riding violently to and from work.

The thing man could arrest any who walked or rode too fast a pace to and from meeting, and he could arrest any who walked or rode unnecessarily on the Sabbath. Great and small alike were fined for carrying a crop of corn from the Columbia Sentinel, of December 1789 abundantly proves, it is entitled, "The President and the tithing man."

The President, George Washington, on his return to New York from his late tour through Connecticut, having missed his way on Saturday, was obliged to ride a few miles on Sunday morning in order to gain the town at which he had proposed to have attended divine service. Before he arrived, however, he was met by a tithing man, who commanding him to stop, demanded the occasion of his riding, and it was, not until the president had informed him of every circumstance, and promised to not go any further than the town intended, that the tithing man would permit him to proceed on his journey.

In New London, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, a man was fined for catching eels on Sunday, another was fined twenty shillings for sailing a boat on the Lord's day. In Plymouth a man was sharply whipped for shooting fowls on Sunday. Another was fined for carrying a crop of corn home on the Lord's day. And the Miller who allowed him to take it was also fined. Elizabeth Eddy of the

same town was fined in 1652, ten shillings for wringing and hanging out some clothes. A Plymouth man for attending his tar pits on the Sabbath was set in the stocks. James Watt in 1658 was publicly reproved for writing a note about common business on the Lord's day, at least in the evening a little too soon. A Plymouth man who made a yoke of oxen was presented before the court, as was also another offender who drove some cows a short distance without need, on the Sabbath. In Newbury in 1646 Aquilla Chase and his wife were fined for gathering around the house and in the garden on the Sabbath.

In Wexham, in 1777, William Estes acknowledged himself guilty of taking hay on the Lord's day and was fined ten shillings; and in 1774 another offender was fined for a breach of the Sabbath in pulling apples was fined five shillings.

A Dunstable soldier for wetting a piece of old hat to put in his shoe, to protect his foot was fined and paid forty shillings.

A Maine man, who was rebuked and fined for unseemly walking on the Lord's day protested that he ran to save a man from drowning, the court made him pay his fine.

The treatment of Quakers under the Blue Laws is thus described by the author of the Sabbath in Puritan New England. Of course the Quaker, contributed liberally to the support of the church, and were found in great numbers for refusing to attend the church which they hated, and which also warmly abhorred them; and they were zealously set in one stocks, and whipped and caged and pillared as the unfortunates of other religions, and pressed any dissatisfaction, and whipped if they stayed away.

Endicott received these instructions from the New England plantation company, and to the end that the Sabbath may be celebrated in a religious manner once appoint that all may succumb their labor every Saturday throughout the year at three of the clock in the afternoon (their spelling) and that they spend the rest of the day in cheerful and preparation for the Sabbath as the minister may direct.

Archibald Henderson, the master of a vessel, which entered the port of Boston, complained to the council for foreign plantations when he returned to London, that while he was in Boston, being ignorant of the laws and saving walked half an hour sunset on Sunday night, and the furnishing for the vessel, a constable entered his lodgings, seized him by the hair of his head and dragged him to prison.

Some of the regulations which Sir Peter Parker put into the form of a Blue Law, were those against the use of the creature called tobacco. In the very earliest days of the colony men had been taken to prevent the planting of the pernicious weed except in the case of a physician, "for medical necessities, for pleasure, for preservation (their spelling) of health, and the same be taken privately by ancient men."

In Connecticut a man could be punished of the law smoke once if he went on a journey of ten miles, but never in another man's house. The use of tobacco was absolutely forbidden under any circumstances on the Sabbath day. In 1642, in New England were set as jail-birds in the cage.

Criticizing or disparaging ministers also constituted an offence punishable by the laws of the State. In 1642, a man was publicly whipped for speaking deridingly of God's words and ordinances as taught by the minister of the town. Mistress Oliver was forced to stand in public with a clef stick in her tongue for reproaching the elders.

A New Haven man was severely whipped for declaring that he had received no benefit from the minister's sermon. In 1744 William Howe and his son were fined fifty shillings apiece for deriding such as sing in the congregation terming them fools. In 1621 Philip Ratcliff for speaking against the churches had his ears cut off, was whipped and banished.

Of course blasphemy was punished, and it did not require that the objectionable expressions should be directed against the deity to insure rapid punishment for the blasphemy. One man in Hartford for his filthy prophane expressions, namely, that he hoped to meet some of the members of the church in Hell before long, and he did not question, but he should, was committed to prison there to be in safe custody till the session, and then to stand the time there of in the pillory, and after sermon to be severely whipped. Two women of Wexham were punished in 1669 for using profane speech in their common talk, as in making answer to several questions their answer is the Devil a bit. In 1649 in Springfield, Goody Gregory being provoked, abused her breaker, and said, before God I could break by brute! she was fined and set in the stocks.

For some offences such as speaking deridingly of the ministers' power, as was done in Plymouth, casting un-

charitable reflection on the minister as did another man and also for absenting ones self from church services, for slothfulness, for walking profanely, for spilling liquids when tanning and refusing explanation thereof, for being given too much to jingles, for slandering, for being a Make Bayte, for ranging railers, for being too proud, for suspicions of stealing, for being too curious, for speaking adjectives words, and for lying. Church members were not only deprived of partaking of the sacrament, thus showing how completely the church dominated the sacrament.

Wrote in these laws and court records, which from the basis of the so-called, and were the real Blue Laws. That they were not misnamed, the enlightened will readily acknowledge.

"ST. JOHN, THE MUNIFICENT."

John D. Rockefeller Put on The Grid For a Red Hot Roast.

(By Hy F. Clark)
After 1900 years of salvation, in which the world is supposed to have become familiar with the object of Christ's death, there arises upon the horizon of Christian civilization, the great almost of that cult, John D. Rockefeller.

From the reeking smell of the oil vats and the black smoke of the refineries rises the great donator of millions, who has become the poor.

Thousands of widows' mites are drawn from the widow's hand as the oil is extracted from the crude flow. John D. Rockefeller takes the Christian religion and advocates it as a personal perspective. He gives it gratis and while you are delighted with it he puts up the price of oil. He is a re-incarnation of John, The Baptist. He is the highest type of the Christian religion. He gives millions to propagate the Christian religion and charges the bill to the community and destroying competition is not dishonesty, according to Christian ethics. It is only business enterprise. Any neglecting of loving his neighbor as himself, he enters into secret understandings to refuse competitors the means of an outlet for their products. Exactable rebates is not in opposition to his conception of Christianity. He monopolizes the market and extracting usury are easily made to conform to the precepts of Christianity.

He is father, son and holy ghost of the oil business and the people are to be saved by paying the highest price for the holy field. To him all virgins are foolish who do not divinely lit their lamps with standard oil.

Great Christians are busy apologizing for Rockefeller. He has cast his net upon the waters and it has returned a hundred fold, so often that he bids fair to control the financial world. With all his unctuous sleekness, he is dodging the sheriff, who wants him to come to court and explain the holy field. To him all virgins are foolish who do not divinely lit their lamps with standard oil.

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